### What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitches's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoen and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Da. G. C. Oso

" Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria in destroying their loved ones, by foreing optum, nts down their throats, thereby sending Da. J. F. KINCHELOR,

ALLEN C. SHITH, Pres. The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York Olty.

ON A FARM IN MAINE. SE .ECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Results of Trying to Raise Different Kinds of Crops-Vorseity of Shepherd Dogs When Turned Loose with the Finch - Elt Perkins Secures a Specific.

[Oppyrighted and published by special arrange



having seriously in-vited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual fair, he wrote the president of that

society as follows: New York, June 12, 1865. DEAR SIR-I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent

agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come. Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturist will acceptable, and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to

the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write you through I have been an honest old farmer for

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye and oats; but as I hav'n't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account. My farm is more especially a grass

My neighbors told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lectur-

ing."
These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad l own a grass farm. Two years ago I tried sheep raising.

I bought fifty lambs and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres. It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gayly o'er the hillside. Watching their sancy capers reminded me of caper sance, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins "We must have some shepherd

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound lock, and said: We must, Eli. I spoke to you about

this some time ago! I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Bo-ton, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith They were splendid creatures—snuff col-ored, hazel eyed, long tailed and shapely

We led them proudly to the fields, "Turn them in. Eli," I said. Eli turned them in.

They went in at once and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four min-

My friend had made a triffing mistake in the breed of these dogs. These dogs were not partial to sheep. Eli Perkins was astonished and ob-

"Waal! did you ever?" I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the greensward, and fragments of wool and

raw lamb chops lay round in confused The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distem-

per. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear. Thus close their life stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

sheepist, I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I

think we better cut some grass this sea-

To me the new mown shay is very out in a loud larf. She exercised her sweet and nice. The brilliant George mouth so vilently that her new false Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verse, teeth fell out onto the ground. wn in Jersey every summer; so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men knows the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and

sk, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a on-fortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, like the red, red rose-so to

A wealthy Canadian is traveling about the country with a mission. That mission is to save shoe leather to the world. He insists that if everybody would cover three inches more at every step the saving in boots and shoes in America alone rould be \$27,000,000 per year.

Conversational Equality. has some affinity for the rest.

ART OF PRIMITIVE MEN.

us, and I led them gayly to the mea-I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere i dipped my flashing scyths into the tall green grass. "Are you ready?" said E. Perkins. "I am here!"

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that

"Our physicians in the children's depart-

ment have spoken highly of their ex

medical supplies what is known as rec

ence in their outside practice with Cantoria,

products, yet we are free to confess that the

merita of Castoria has won us to look with

United Hospital AND Dispess

end it as superior to any prescrip

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Then follow us." I followed them. Followed hem rather too closely evidently, for a white haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low, firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me: "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon hav these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or not! But you, John-you are young." The old man changed places with his

son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!" What mean you, old man?" I said. "I mean that if you continuer to bran'ish that blade as you have been

bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h- out of us before we're a hour older!" There was some reason mingled with this white haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice es caped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. Agricultural society I overheard the old man say, "tha know'd anything." Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to m this season as I had fancied he might be. every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly and remained about some

> He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way and suffered a great deal. At the end of the two hours Mr. Per kins would reappear with his head neat-

two hours. He said it was beadache

ly done up in a large wet rag and say h 'felt better." One afternoon it so happened that soon followed the invalid to the house and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr.

Brown!" "Oh, no. Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say; "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown! I peered cautiously through the kitches blinds, and however unnatural it may appear the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he do-soed She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it she remained where she was. They are married now, and Mr. Per

kins is troubled no more with the head This year we are planting corn. My Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krow bein put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nothe Old Bisbee who was frade youd cu sons leggs of Ses you bet go an stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep way, this made Boys in store larf, no More terday from

yours respectfull "his letter."
My friend Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of The Rural New Yorker, thinks if I "keet on" I will get in the Poor House in

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me, I will come. Truly yours, Charles F. Browne.

A WAR TIME PRAGMENT. As I previously informed you, I am Cap tin of the Baldinsville company. I riz gradooally but majestically from drummer's Secretary to my present position But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot Havin notist a gineral desire on the part of young men who are into the crisis to wear eppylits, I detarmined to have my company composed exclossively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The folierin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots: Do you know a masked battery from hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a eppylit from a piece of chalk? If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the

Hav you ever heard of Ginral Price of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle?

How air you now? Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcustical. The company filled up rapid, and last

Hav you ever had the measles, and

I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate for I can very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice colle tion of young ladies, who was standin near the church door a seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off. and somehow my coat tales got twiste round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchiefs to their mouths and remarked, "Te he," while my ancient fe-male single friend, Sary Peaseley, bust

"Miss Peaseley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more care-ful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her. I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoosy, I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister

For conversation society must not be very unequal. By inequality I do not refer to the doubtful distinction of banking accounts or family trees. So far as these are concerned there is nothing so democratic as conversation. But it does demand some approach to a similaritynot in opinions; with good temper these may widely differ—but in manners and taste, and, above all, in intellectual capacity. When people are brought together without care for these similarities we know what happens. If their number be large enough they invariably split up, not by cold exclusiveness, but by natural selection, into mutually appreciative groups, of which each member

Where this instinctive distribution is through smallness of numbers or the fussiness of a host, impossible we may expect a dull time. All know Bret Harte's tale of a man who had never heard of Adam before and asked "What was his other name?" But there have been talkers in real life also who had to endure much at the hands of the ignorant. - Gentleman's Magazine.

Two Totally Distinct Types Are Found Among Uncultured Baces.

Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arise spontaneously among cultured races. One is imitative, the other decorative. Paleolithic men-for example, the cave dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone and mam-moth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence.

Here, a naked and hairy brave, flint spear in hand, stalks wild horses undismayed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engaged in a desperate fight with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges unwieldly with wide open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shoeless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naive way, a distinct story. They are pictorial records of things done, things een, things suffered.

Paleolithic men were essentially draughtsmen, not decorators. But their scolithic successors, of a totally different race—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post glacial Europe-had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely decorative. Instead of making pictures they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and dwellings; they adorned their weapons and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses: they wrought beautiful patterns in metal work as soon as ever they advanced to signed brooches and bracelets of exquisite elegance, but they seldom intro duced into their craft any living object; they imitated nothing, and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now these two types of art-the essen tially imitative or pictorial and the es sentially decorative or resthetic-persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object. The first is to speak

historical, the second ornamental. in developed forms you get the ex treme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles; you get the extreme case of the other in the Albambra at Granada The modern Esquimau and the modern Sushman resemble the ancient cave dwellers in their love of purely pictorial or story telling art; a man in a kayak harpooning a whale; a man with an assegui spearing a springbok: these are the subjects that engage-I will not say their pencils - but their sharp flint

knives or their lumps of red other. On the other hand, most central Af rican races have no imitative skill. They draw figures and animals ill or not at all but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles, and be well placed at the arts and crafts in the new gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction. A tribe, a horde, a nation, is pictorial, or else it is decorative. Rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence.

—Fortnightly Review.

Irving Montagu writes in "Wander ings of a War Artist:" "One evening ! met two very fascinating Spanish girls in a quiet quarter of Irun, one of whom, being a blonde, was enveloped in a white mantilla. It being customary on meeting a white mantilla to extend her some what similar bomage to that paid to royalty, I raised my hat, and stepped on one side to allow the couple to pass when, in doing so, I saw to my horror, by the light of the moon, that they were followed closely by a grim and grotesque reptile, half lizard, half frog, which with a series of spasmodic bounds, was making directly for their beels. Oh, the horrid beast, the indescribable monstrosity! To rush forward and trample on the uncanny thing was the work of a

"I was dumfounded; my exploit of heroism, far from inducing the gratitude I expected, was immediately followed by roars of laughter, the merry ring of which reverberated on the still night air. 'Unconscionable fool' does not ex-press the littleness I felt as I was sub-jected to the ridicule of those wily damsels, and if a man is capable of that becoming peculiarity, I must have blushed scarlet. I had trodden on El drap—a piece of cloth cut into the semblance of some monstrous lizard, and attached by a thread to the skirt of the maiden, so that, by certain dexterous movements and hitches it could be made to leap after her as she hurried along. It was the Basque equivalent for the old English jokes practiced on the 1st of April."

Miss Lawson-Tom Lackland will be

Mr. D'Argent-Why? He hasn't Miss Lawson-Yes, but he'll be worth

million soon. His uncle died vester-Mr. D'Argent—I thought the old gen-tieman never liked Tom. Miss Lawson—He didn't. That's just it. He left the whole of his fortune to found a free library.—Kate Field's Washington.

Property Destroyed. "They have queer laws out in Mis-"In what way are they queer?"
"Here's an account of the arrest of a man for breaking a horse's gait."—Mun-

pointment was made, with the consent of her mother, for the following day, and, punctual to the hour, we entered Mrs. Camerou's drawing room. The ladies arrespond immediately after. Mama-Johnny, why don't you come in to see mama when she's sick? Don't you love me any more?

Johnny—Oh, yee, mame; but I didn't know but perhaps it might be catching.

—Puck.

face became vividly pale. I stepped forward to support her, but Stolberg had already taken her hand and, as he gracefully expressed his gratification at meeting her, she became instantly calm, and,

THE WHITE DOVE.

The choir was full of children Singing with heart and word, With melody almost divine, The praises of the Lord. O aweet their ringing voices Went up to the Father's ear,

But not to listen only; With heavenly real and love, The angels sing the melodies

Of the great choirs above; and blending with the childre Their Easter authems rise,

So heaven and earth were blended.

Their Easter authems rise, Until the rapturous harmonic Roll out beyond the akies.

In those sweet jubilees, The unheard voices throbling Through the eternities, Yet with the children singing-

When lol far, far above

Down on the air it finated,

Like whispers after silence, Like singing after prayer.

O Christ, thou loving Saviour,

Thine emblem was the bird! As round and round it circled,

And Earth to Paradise.
--Mary A. Denison in Youth's Com

y the grand choral stirred, h beart swelled high with worshi

With joy and sweet surprise, And Paradise to Earth drew near,

THE CRYSTAL

Many years ago I was boarding in a

well known house at the lower end of

Broadway, kept by a jolly, light eyed,

light haired, fat German lady, the wid-

ow of a "professor," Mme. Steinberg.

As for myself, I was a quiet, old fash-

ioned teacher of languages, and the

place suited me. Among my pupils was

ing in Washington squre, which was the height of fashionable aspiration in those

days. My department was instruction

in the German language, and in Ella

Cameron I found a pupil so completely

cism deemed peculiar to the Germans

and the orientals that I found she

grasped the instinct of that grandly ex-

pressive language as an infant learning

its mother tongue. There was Germa

blood somewhere in the long pedigree

Ella Cameron had inherited sufficient

of the natural Scotch intellectual force

to give her balance without blunting

One day there came to our house

foreign gentleman to board. No one

knew his nationality, and to this day I

am ignorant of it. He spoke English

fluently and idomatically correct, but

with such an accent as he might have

learned by being educated abroad; yet

be was not an Englishman, for be said

so. His German was perfection, his

French Parisian, his Italian and Spanish

a marvel. As for his age, he might have

been thirty or he might have been fifty.

ting tastes, education and pursuits, an

through the kind intervention of Mme.

Steinberg, Paul Stolberg and I became

the embodiment of an abstraction, and

as purely accidental as anything within

These and similar enunciations be

would give utterance to, not in any dog-

matic or self sufficient spirit, but simply

as stating the result of his study and ex-

Most cultivated and educated persons

some sort, and Stalberg's hobby was the

collection of crystals. His collection

however, was certainly the finest I eve

saw, containing specimens of quartz, spar and other minerals, and even the diamond in various forms. They were

arranged in his cabinet under glass, and

these, he had in another case a collection

of magnets, comprising about fifty, and

also of all sizes. Such a curious con-

catenation of tastes surprised me, and I

remarked upon it, asking why he had

selected two such diverse objects for col-

"Not so diverse as you think, my dea

friend," said he, "for I, at least, thin

that where two powers, apparently dif

ferent in form and character, produc-

the same results, if exercised in the same

manner, there must be consanguinity

"The magnet attracts," said I, "and

the crystal, excited by friction, will do

the same, but so will a glass bottle or a

He smiled, and going to his crystal

cabinet selected from it one of the larger

mes; then he said, as he returned to my

side, "Sit easily in your chair while

do, and mark your sensations."

the arms of the chair, and waited.

show you something else the crystal will

an easy position, resting my hands of

Seating himself directly in front of me

he raised the crystal with both hands

and at about a distance of six inches

from my person, drew it slowly, perpen-

dicularly before me, from my head to my

feet. As he did so I noticed a sensation

as of a light breeze blowing upon me

The operation was repeated, and this

time I felt a pleasant drowsiness creep

over me, the cool wind still blew upon

me, and I seemed to see nothing but the

crystal, which assumed a larger appear-

ance and became luminous at the angles.

A third pass, and it occurred to me that

I would mention this luminous appear-

ance, which was increasing; but on try

ing to do so I found I could not speak or

move, and with a dim fancy that I was

When I became conscious the window

was open, and the cool October wind

blowing upon me; my forehead was wet.

and my chair had been wheeled in front

of the window. Stolberg sat by me,

and I observed that he looked paler than

"Nothing," he replied. "I do not care

to wait until you should come naturally

out of your coma, so I used physics

means to awaken you. What do you

think of the power of the crystal now?

I replied that I had never heard of it

before, and described my sensations to

him; but he did not pay much attention and his mind seemed distraught.

"But how is it about the magnet

mid I, "you have not yet proved to me

any identity between these two forces."

"One experiment of this sort is enough for an evening," he replied; "on another

occasion I will convince you that the magnet possesses precisely the same power; but tell me—you have a pupil whom I should much like to meet—Miss

I was surprised that he should have

"You mentioned her name when you

were under the influence of the crystal,"

"So, then," said I, "this power is allied

to that of animal magnetism?"
"It produced a kindred result by a dif-ferent means But this Miss Cameron,

as I judge from your remarks, must be a peculiar character—what I should call sublimated?"

"You are right, though I had no idea of talking in my sleep, or telling tales out of school; but really I would like

you to see her and converse with her."
Stolberg expressed the pleasure it would give him to meet her, and I promised to make an arrangement to that end when I gave her my lesson on the fol-

lowing day.

My description of my friend, and my assurance of his scholarly attainments, roused sufficient curiosity in my pupil to render her easyr to see him. So an ap-

beard of her, and said so.

"What is the matter?" said L

rude to fall asleep under such circum

stances I became insensible.

nenal and anxious.

stick of sealing wax."

numbered several hundred.

"Great men," he would say, "are but

soon acunainted and then intimate.

the meaning of the word.

Naturally enough, with our assimila-

the subtle sensibilities of her mind.

of Ella's ancestors.

naturally imbued with the mysti

the daughter of a rich widow

Now on its pillared height. As some soft breeze from heaven, It stirred the listening air,

seating herself, in a moment she was pleasantly engaged in conversation. Somehow or other we drifted into the subject of mesmerism, and I mentioned the affair of the crystal. Ella was inerested, and begged that Mr. Stolberg would give her an opportunity of wit-nessing its effects. He agreed willingly, and a future occasion was promised when the experiment should be made on the

A few days later, on reaching our boarding house, I was informed by Mme. Steinberg that Mr. Stolberg had packed all his property, with orders to send it on board a packet, which was to sail on the following day for Hamburg. A note to me, left by himself, informed me that he had received letters which required his immediate departure, but that he would not deprive Miss Cameron of her seance, and would meet me at her mother's house in the evening at the hour which had been named.

At that time and place I found him, apparently making himself quite at some; and presently opening a small box which he had brought with him he drew from it the same crystal with which he had operated upon me. Seating himself in front of her as she

reclined easily in her arm chair he commenced the mysterious passes with his crystal. I watched her closely, and as moved it slowly in front of her could perceive that she gradually grew pale; then her eyelids dropped, and she was apparently in a sound sleep. Her mother called to her, touched her, and even used some gentle violence to awak en her, but without the slightest apparent effect. Pointing the crystal at her Stolberg

drew silently backward toward the door, when, to our astonishment, the sleeping figure rose, or rather glided after him out of the door, into the hall, down the stairs, and as he opened the front door Stolberg called to Mrs. Cameron, who stood with me at the head of the stairs watching the results of this wonderful "You see, madame, she would follow

me anywhere," and, as though to prove Stolberg shut, and, to my horror, I heard him lock it after him.

I flew down the two flights of stairs into the basement, my brain turning mad, it seemed to me, and reached the sidewalk by the lower door just in time to see a carriage turning at full speed the next corner.

Returning to Mrs. Cameron 1 found er in a swoon, out of which, as she awakened to sensibility, she passed into convulsions and at midnight was a corpse. Meanwhile the police had been informed, messages sent in all directions, but of Stolberg or his unhappy victim I have never heard since.—Buffalo News.

Illustrious Women of Italy. Italy has a great organization of ilustrious women, of which Queen Margnerite is the honorary president. It is one of the most remarkable associations of the day, composed of the most eminent women in Rome, and before it twice each week the most calchested orators of the day lecture on subjects of the education and advancement of women. Among its members are the Counters Giglineci, for whom Rossini wrote his "Stabat Mater;" the Countess Lovatelli, the most distinguished literary woman in Rome and the only woman member of the German Institute of Archæology (at the celebration of the society this tall, slight and refined lady sat down among her gray haired colleagues, a radiant vision in white silk embroidered with sparkling beads); Signora Mancini, who has translated "The Cricket on the Hearth" into Italian and written many romances and Louisa Sarardo, who is devoted to historical researches.-Lon-

Under Suspicion. "Somebody has picked my pocket," ried the Fat Woman. "Whom do you suspect?" asked th

Midget.
"That Sneaking Armless Wonder over there has a conscious look on his face. I selieve it's him."-Puck.

Superficial Judgment of Men. In our judgment of men we are to beware of giving any great importance to ecasional acts. By acts of occasional nerosity weak men endeavor to re leem themselves in their own estima tion: vain men to exalt themselves in that of mankind. It may be observed that there are no men more worthless and selfish, in the general tenor of their lives, than some who, from time to time perform feats of generosity. Sentimental elfishness will commonly vary its in dulgences in this way, and vainglorious ess will break out into acts of munificence. But self government and self denial are not to be relied upon for any real strength, except in so far as they are found to be exercised in detail.

-New York Ledger. Granddaughter's Granddaughter. William Bunce, of Cochituate, became a happy great-grandfather tately, and Mrs. Neal, of this place, a lady sixty-eight years old, his daughter, becomes great-grandmother. Her daughter is Mrs. Dean, and Mrs. Dean's daughter is Mrs. A. Lyons, who has just given birth to a little daughter. Mr. Bunce is nine ty-three years old and still hearty and rong - Farmingham (Man 1 Tribuna

A benevolent old lady who lives in fashionable London suburb started soup kitchen on a small scale, with the object of alleviating the distress of which she had read so much. Only eight per-sons applied for relief. One, a crippled woman, continued as a constant visitor.
Four of the applicants did not like soup.
Two others did not return with the jugs lent to them. The eighth was a small boy who was punctual in his attendance, and evidently, as she believed, appreciated the soup. There was some-thing in his manner that aroused the

sympathy of the old lady, so she inter-rogated him.

He was a crossing street sweeper in a grand square close by. He confessed that his earnings amounted to sixteen shillings (four dollars) a week, while his mother could say two skillings and six nother could earn two shillings and sixpence a day by charing. The old lady who was taken aback, asked, "And do you think you ought to come here for soup?" With that frankness which is so charming in the small boy, he replied: "Well, no, I don't, and that's a fact, ma'am, but if you'll only give me a penny every time you walk over my crossing you can eat your soup yourself.'

—Toronto Globe.

Palmyra leaf is supposed to last five centuries, and likals, a specimen of this palm, greatly grown on the Ceylon coast, can be preserved for upward of seven centuries. But a document on copper, according to the immense number which odern research has brought to light, and which have been lithographed in the "Indian Antiquary," can last even for twenty centuries without the least injury being made by time.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria When she became Miss, she clong to Caster When she had Children, she gave them Can

pointment was made, with the consent of her mother, for the following day, and, punctual to the hour, we entered Mrs. Cameron's drawing room.

The Indies appeared immediately after, and, presenting my friend, what was my surprise to seedlin Cameron suddenty passe, trembling violently, while her



EAST, WEST,

NORTH and SOUTH

SALINA, KANS. UNION PACIFIC (MAIN LINE) No. 8, in Hexpress, departs
No. 2, mail and express
No. 12, local frgt, accommodation
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No. 16, freight
No. 8 is a solid ve-tibule i train to Chicago
with through steeper to 81, Louis.

No. 7, mail express departs.

No. 1, express arrives

No. 11, treight accommodation

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No. 13, born freight accommodation

Total a, m

No. 7 is a solid vestibuled train from Chicago, with through sleeper from M. Louis. MEPHERSON REASCH (U. P.)
Mixed leaves 7:00 a. m. arrives 7:00 p. m
No Sunday trains.

MISSOURI PACIFIC.

Passenger, east (No. 22) 8.15 a. n. heromostation, east (No. 22) 10.10 a. n. heromostation, west (No. 217 2.20 p. n. 17 p. n. 18 ATCHINGS, TOPERA & SANTA PE. ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE.

No. 311, Eastern Express, arrives 6.00 p. m.
No. 312, Texas Express, departs, 7.25 a. m.
Makes close connection at Nirong City for all points east, west and south and at Abliene for the north.
No. 318, Accommodation, departs 2.00 p. m.
No. 318, Accommodation, arrives 1.35 p. m.
Makes close connection at Abliene for north and south and Minneapolis branch.
GEO. H. ANTHONY,
Pr't and Pasa. Agent.

Through Passenger trains East. Depart—9:35 a. m., arrive at Kanaas City 5:00 p. m., St Joe 5:20 p. m. " 2:25 p. m. for Wichita, Wellington, Caldwell, and all points south and southwest.

wouthwest.
Through Passenger and Express west.
Arrives—4.19 p. m., from Topeka, Kansas
City, St. Joe and east.
1.15 p. m., from Wichita, Weiling
ton and south and southwest.
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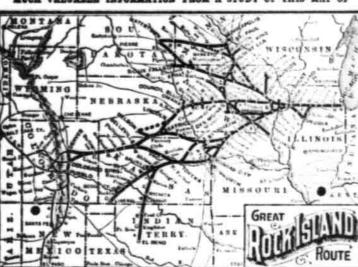
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